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THE

SHEPHERD'S GARDEN.

 $\mathbf{B}\mathbf{Y}$

WILLIAM DAVIES,

AUTHOR OF 'SONGS OF A WAYFARER,' ETC.

LONDON:

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, LOW AND SEARLE, CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET.

1873.

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LOUERS when they come into a Gardeine, some gather Nettles, some Roses, one Tyme, an other Sage, and euerye one that for his Ladyes fauour that she fauoreth: insomuch as there is no Weede almost but it is worne. If you, Gentlemen, doe the lyke in reading, I shall bee sure all my discourses shall be regarded, some for the smell, some for the smart, all for a kinde of a louing smacke. Lette euerye one followe his fancie, and say that is best which he lyketh best. And so I commit euerye mans delight to his own choice and my selfe to all your courtesies.

JOHN LYLY. Euphues. 1580.

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A. 2.00

INDUCTION.

A POLLO raised aloft his golden head, Crowning each peak and purple shining spire; The upward lark above the misty mead Began to warble forth his new desire;

The shepherd drove his woolly flocks to feed

Along the mountain-side; in quaint attire The milking-maid tript forth, and so did sing, All nature seemed to join her carolling.

Along the hedgerows drooping buds were seen

To lift themselves and shake the dew-drops bright : The trees revived, and through their robes of green,

Rustled their airy leaves for much delight; The blissful wind slid o'er the plain to glean

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The vapoury fragments of the parting night; The laughing brocks leapt merrily along, And cheered their flowery way with many a song.

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The labourer shouted in the furrowed field;

The bark of dogs from upland farms was blown; Whilst cawing rooks about the elm-trees wheel'd

That high above the gabled grange had grown; And all the vale a sense of peace did yield

From quiet homestead and from hamlet brown : The newly-baptized world to heaven looked up, And smiled in gladness of fresh springing hope.

Then did I waken from my sleepy bed,

And gat me from my couch right joyfully; And by a crystal streamlet lightly led,

I spied a shepherd swain reclined thereby; A leafy garland set upon his head,

And by his side a pipe of reed did lie; And thus he sang, whilst all the solitude With echoing voice his happy strain renew'd :—

O world of false delights, why do you make

This pleasant garden such a den of care; And all these rural joys do scorn to take,

Whose tender hours with rest so woven are? Why will you seek for pain, and peace forsake,

Nor ever to these pleasant bowers repair? Why is your love set on such worthless things, When Nature makes you these fair offerings?

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Your wealth can buy no carpet like these leas;

No costliest scents these blossoms can surpass, Whose tinctured lips breathe perfume on the breeze;

Your brightest mirrors dull beside the glass Of these clear pools; your proudest palaces,

Through which the painted shows of beauty pass, Match not these shady woods whose twilight halls Are filled with sound of winds and waterfalls.

Are we athirst; pure wells our thirst can slake:

Would we be fanned; cool breezes pass us by: If we desire repose, soft turf doth make

Our couch, with birds to sing our lullaby: The winding stream, broad pastures, wood and brake,

More fair than pictures to our gazing lie : All things in heaven and under heaven combined, Do make the empire of a quiet mind.

So wealthy are the souls that live at ease,

Whom sweet content with gold and lands doth bless, And wholesome Nature's simplest charms do please

With more than worth of worldly happiness : For them the brook doth flow, and spreading trees

Their welcome shade of murmuring leaves do dress, And Joy doth wait in byeways them to meet, Their fixed screnities with smiles to greet.— Thus as he sang the shining sun did mount

His azure throne, and all the woods were still; Only the silvery lapping of the fount

Was heard within the shadow of the hill: From hour to hour the westering day did count

His tranquil thinkings, and the air did fill His heart with joy, wherefrom this happy verse Distilled like incense through the universe.

Then as the gilded hours did glide away,

He sang these songs which now I write for you, Whilst from a neighbouring thicket all the day,

A throstle whistled, and a far cuckoo, Kissing the sleeping Silence where it lay

Until it woke and faintly sang thereto, Called through the afternoon the fairest night That ever stars with beams of love made bright:

Then rose, and taking up his pipe, began

To pipe thereon his master melodies: With nimble fingers up and down he ran,

That Pan his own best cunning might despise, And stay his vanquished breath with envy wan,

Feeding his ear with such felicities As breed within their tones forlorn despairs, For that no stop of his can touch such airs.

Each tuneful note sang like a summer linnet

5

Whose heart the generous season doth unbind, When thronèd Love sits jubilant within it,

O'erjoyed such fitting domicile to find, As though from earth to heaven it would win it.

Adieu! he cried, ye fields: may Heaven be kind To banish from your borders every sorrow, And morning wake you to as fair a morrow.

COUNTRY PLEASURES.

COME, and I will take you Where the lambs are playing, And of our band will make you-Young lads and lasses maying. Hark! do you hear the field-boy's horn a-blowing, And all the cows about the meadows lowing, And round the woodland cheerful noise Of merry birds that make the heart rejoice? Here is such store Of painted flowers that gardens have no more : As daffodils That fringe the rills, Millions of daisies sparkling on the floor, With pink anemones and mayflowers, Talking to one another in the bowers; Bright fountains falling down, By soft winds overblown : All bidding care and sorrow go away On this so fair a day. Such sweet delights this rural life can give,

None would desire in busy towns to live.

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THE TEMPEST.

BRIGHT PHŒBUS doth his light assuage Behind a watery cloud; The angry waves begin to rage And Jove to thunder loud; The ash doth bend, the oak doth crack, The lightning flashes bright between; Whilst robed in billowy folds of black, The frowning heavens are seen. But now there comes a little ray Doth herald in the brighter day; And hark! the birds begin to sing, Forewarning harbingers of spring: Lo, the soft south comes back again With odoured airs across the plain, And the sweet morning kisses rise To glad the light in Beauty's eyes.

THE SHEPHERD-BOY'S SONG.

TRA la ro! Mildly blow,

Wind of morn: thou little lamb, Skip and frisk it near thy dam : Bird, be blithe upon the bough : Whistle, ploughman at the plough : Shout, brave shepherd : oxen, low ! Tra la ro !

Tra la ro!

Streamlet, flow : Mill go round, and miller laugh : Bee to flower, honey quaff: Calf, be thou right glad to-day : Hedge, grow white with scented may : Grass, be greener : blossom, blow ! Tra la ro !

Tra la ro!

Cheerily ho ! Mirth be met of man and boy : Frolic child pour out thy joy !

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 Sky, let all thy sunshine loose!
 Lisping lovers, come and choose:
 Hark, the herdsman's horn doth blow, Tra la ro!

Tra la ro ! Sadness go ! Shepherd, pipe it merrily ; Pipe, nor let dull echo die ; Pipe in valley, pipe on hill ; Pipe from morn to night thy fill ; Pipe and sing both high and low, Tra la ro !

SPRING-TIME.

NOW doth the sun shine cheerily, And lambs are skipping merrily. Fa la la.

Sweet maids, put on your kirtles, And deck your hair with myrtles. Fa la la.

Earth pranks her verdant bosom With many an opening blossom. Fa la la.

Come let us tread a measure, And seize the spring-time pleasure. Fa la la.

THE DANCE.

DINDERLY, danderly, merrily seen, Gay lads and lasses dance over the green; With mirth and with play we drive care away, Triumphantly banished this bright holiday. These shady old trees our fancies do please, As we trip it and slip it and skip it along. This is my song: Trip it along!

Fairily, airily, see how we go,
Faithfully footing it all in a row!
The woodland around re-echoes the sound
Of tabor and fife in a gladsome rebound.
All hearts are alive, sweet pleasures revive,
As we trip it and slip it and skip it along.
Sing to my song:

Slip it along!

Warily, Margery: go not so fast: Overhaste at the parting shall not be to last. Sweet Bessie, beware, or the gins of thy hair The heart of bold Reuben with love may ensnare. Hark! the glad strain now recalls us again To trip it and slip it and skip it along,

Singing this song: Skip it along!

SONG.

LEAD me, welcome Pleasure, Queen and sister bright, Where airy footsteps measure Pied pastures of delight! Our jolly pastime sharing Brave Beauty beams unsparing.

Sit we now reposing

Down in the flowery glade, White flocks about us dozing;

The shepherd in the shade. Calm rest from toil inviteth : The hour in peace delighteth.

THE MAY QUEEN.

OVERS, lasses, reapers, mowers, Hedgers, delvers, toilers, sowers, Come and dance with steps untired; For this day you are required To do honour to our queen Crowned with flowers and rushes green. Never Maytime did present Such a wondrous ornament, No, nor spring the meadows kiss For a blossom fair as this. Pray we now that Heaven may shower All its blessings on her bower, And that Time may bring her more Ever to increase her store. Thus we sing and thus we move Holy Powers to grant their love.

PHILLIS AND COLIN.

PHILLIS sat upon a bank : Heigho, what a bank was this ! Painted blossoms blowing rank Round about, each other kiss.

Colin came and sat thereby : Heigho, bravest wight was he ! Came and sat with many a sigh : Thus fond lovers love to be.

Dearest maid, I now will tell, Heigho! all my passion's force, Deeper than the deepest well, Swifter than the river's course.

He said yea, and she said nay: Heigho! love is lost and won, Raging till the weary day, Sick of strife lies down fordone.

Then they smiled and kissed again. Heigho, Cupid, naughty elf! If you want another strain, You may sing it for yourself.

MAY MORNING.

 A^s down in yonder vale I went when daffedils were springing,

- Whereby a crystal stream did go, I heard a maiden singing :
- And thus she said, My pretty lambs, now is the sunshine weather,

Come let us dance upon the grass with joyous hearts together.

The hoary hawthorn blossoms sweet, Gay songsters one another greet,

Glad voices sing in every street

To welcome the May morning.

- Then setting by my crook, I sped to where the dainty creature
- Trod on the sward with airy steps the gracious time did teach her,
- And pray'd my pipe might join her song, and in her blithesome tripping,
- My frolic step might match with hers; for that the prime was slipping.

And so we sang the song again, And danced across the flow'ry plain; And as we sang our hearts were fain

To welcome the May morning.

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LOVE A SERGEANT

R UN, gallants, run This is Love's own day. Hark! up and down the street His rolling drum is beat : Rub a dub, rub a dub : Ye that will come may.

Lo! yonder he doth stand, His quiver in his hand. All ye that may be willing To take his proffered shilling, Make no delay, But come away And join his valiant band.

Look, how he doth unfurl His banner! 'tis a curl Of auburn flowing hair ; And, for those who love not fair, He hath of dark a store, With many colours more : His shield wears for device Two pretty shining eyes,

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And a heart doth show there too, With an arrow stricken through. Oh, his warfare is so sweet For those who therein meet, That for very joy they shout And they cry, Till we die We will fight the battle out !

Come then, ye gallants, bent To serve Love's regiment, Whilst with a loud rebound His rolling drum doth sound Rub a dub, rub a dub, To all the country round.

THE AWAKENING OF DAPHNE.

DOWN in the dewy woods, 'mid blossoms weeping, Daphne, rare Daphne, softly lies a-sleeping. Come not, Apollo, with thy beams to wake her; Forbear, ye herald winds, with fear to take her.

Lo! from the shuddering boughs sick Philomel Drop songless, whilst the larks begin to swell Their airy quire on rosy wings, and ery, He comes, he comes : forsake thy couch and fly ! She wakes, she turns, and lightly speeds away, And soon outstrips the ardent god of day. The trembling flow'rs for joy and sorrow blush : Daphne is safe hid in a laurel bush.

THE SWEET SEASON.

COME hither, shepherds, come, Now the bees with busy hum, And every bird his cheery note doth sing, sing, sing. Cold Winter he is gone, Summer sits upon her throne Where the rivulets with merry chiming ring. Upon her head is set A floral coronet, And in her heaped-up hands so fine, fine, fine, Bright blossoms beam like stars, And the garment that she wears Is broidered with long sprigs of columbine. See how she sits at ease. Singing gaily where the trees Hang their burdened branches to the ground, ground, ground ! Oh, for love of such a queen Each joyous heart had been With Cupid's thorny wreath of roses erown'd !

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TO PAN.

SHEPHERD PAN, who lov'st to play, On thy oaten pipe all day Where the singing waters meet, Lapping round thy horny feet, Blow into thy reed such sound Whereto nymphs do beat their ground When the woods revest their green, And each shepherd, well beseen, Holding other cares at call, Hies him to the festival : So for thee and more for me Ours a happy time shall be.

First I ask, my bleating flocks Thou wilt guide amongst the rocks, And the tiny lambkins lead Whilst the dams securely feed, So the wolf may fall i' th' snare, And no enemy be there : And for those who gave me birth, Aged couple by the hearth, Let them, through calm life's decline, Feel the sun more brightly shine,

Loving still whom love begot, Stars of heaven declining not.

Then I bid thee tune thy quill To the music of the rill, Begging there a little boon, As it wanders stone by stone, That if near my mistress go, She may all my passion know, And not turn her from my bower, Sweet for her with every flower; But through tender ways may be Brought by Love to dwell with me: Blossom born without a tear, Clothed with joy that angels wear.

Next my love's most dear perfections We will trace from our defections : Eyes which hint the wondrous story Of the soul's supernal glory, Ivory teeth, and such a lip Love himself runs mad to 'sip, Hair unfolding wreath by wreath Subtle gins to snare us with, That, in faith, you would not know Any more than I do so,

If there be so fair a creature In the round of human nature.

Ho! god Pan, swart country singer, Let not sweet division linger; Puff thy checks until they be Round as apples on the tree: Hark the throstle in the dell Troll his lusty earol well! Here doth love to roam about The cuckoo with his merry shout: And at work amongst the trees, Cheerful sound of buzzing bees. This fair kingdom all our own, Cæsars could not paragon.

Other singers may decry Mirth and wholesome jollity, Searching through a musty brain Matter for some novel strain, Taxing twisted phrase and vexing All their soul to vain perplexing, But instructed wiselier we, Like the cuckoo on the tree, Sing the old song to the letter, For that Time hath found no better,

Nor another theme employs Worthier than these country joys.

Therefore pipe, brave shepherd Pan; Blow and quit thee like a man: Let thy treble take the wind, And thy bass come swift behind. This our life doth gaily pass, Lying in the summer grass, Where the chirring grasshopper Keeps around perpetual whirr, And the sun-sparks burn and glisten On the leaves that bend to listen, Whilst the very clouds seem bound, Pausing at the silvery sound.

Pipe, old Shepherd, pipe thy fill :
I will stead thee to thy will ;
I will sing a gallant measure,
Tripping to thy light heart's pleasure.
Howsoe'er thy shrill notes ring,
Thou shalt hear me answering;
Not a strain that thou canst blow
But I will be echo to :
For the fairest joy that is
Lives within this country bliss,

To which all other states that are Do but hold a base compare.

So may I forsake the strife And struggle of ambitious life, I will never ery or erave Riches more than now I have : This clear stream and yonder dale With my cottage in the vale, Pastures white with nibbling sheep, Quiet hours that always keep Counsel of content and learn How this world doth vainly turn, Gathering wisdom in such school Life doth foster fresh and cool.

This I ask, and thus would I Peaceful live and tranquil die. A MADRIGAL.

IN fair Arcadia it fell upon a merry morning,

- When Flora's hands the fields and meads with blossoms were adorning,
- Phillis sat beside a bank with all her swains around her,
- Who, by her lovely looks allured, with wistful steps had found her:
- Full silently they sat and sighed, for none did dare discover
- The hapless fire that burned within to call himself her lover;
- And one looked up and one looked down, whilst Phillis smiled upon them,
- And little birds amongst the boughs with chirpings did bemoan them.

Then from her throne of rushes,

She said, with maiden blushes,

- The tender wishes of her heart with modesty unmasking,
- He shall not bear away the bell who waits to kiss for asking.

ALEXIS' RESOLVE.

S HEPHERD ALEXIS, coming from the town, Within the shadow of an oak sat down, And pondered the inconstant ways of men; The cuckoo calling down the hollow glen: Then as the sliding brook ran sweetly by, He clasped his hands and breathed a happy sigh, And in his heart with fervent protest swore To leave these peaceful pastures nevermore.

COUNTRY CONTENTMENTS.

WHO simple faith doth hold his guest, And more than turmoil, loveth rest, Let him forsake all noisy cares, And come and breathe these country airs.

For silk and pearl, we ask not them, Whom every bud doth bring a gem; Our fleecy flocks to us do bear The useful garments that we wear.

Our board is laid with herbs that grow Where silver fountains fall and flow; Our cows with milk, our streams with fish, Supply the banquet that we wish.

The pretty strawberry so sweet Doth fit our appetite with meat: The orient peach and purple plum To crown our festive triumph come.

The proudest she that wears a gown Might gladly to this fare come down, For here sweet Love doth make his feast Of wholesome food with smilings drest.

Here jolly Momus leads his rout, And trolls his merry catch about : With mirth and laughter all agree Beneath the shado of some wide tree.

Above our heads the bleeding vine Doth drop our cups with purple wine, And tendrilled leaves and branches brings To crown us monarchs more than kings.

Then, when our feasting we have sped, Some roam the flower-enamelled mead, And some go forth to dance and play; Thus keep our rural holiday:

Until the evening star doth rise, And blossoms close their weary eyes, Then, pleased, exchange a calm good-night, To wake at morn with new delight.

THE SHEPHERD TO HIS MISTRESS.

SWEET, whilst the sun is shining, Let us put by repining, And roam the country round : For this is Love's own ground.

For thee morn spreads her posies, And summer-blowing roses With circling odours tell The air where thou dost dwell.

Fair crystal streams abiding Do stay their nimble sliding; Whilst every floating fish Doth wait upon thy wish.

The fields bring forth the guerdon Of Flora's teeming burden :

> All hearts are fain to say, How sweetly shines the day !

The woods and groves are ringing With dainty voices singing : Each pretty bird doth find A love-mate to his mind.

Come then, my fairest, dearest, Who such a goodness wearest, Let love with sweet delight All parted pains requite.

DIANA AND ENDYMION.

WHEN the heat of day was done Lay forworn Endymion Pillowed on high Latmos' steep, Bowed his head in heavy sleep; All his flocks had gone to rest, Folded on the mountain's breast : Then Diana, pale with woe, For that love consumed her so, Cast her javelin aside, Veiled in humbleness her pride, Came and stooped where he did lie, Whilst her nymphs were standing by, Kissed him on the lips and cheek, Bade him ope his eyes and speak ; Yet although he dreamt of her, He might never wake or stir; For should he aroused be, She must hide beyond the sea. Very fair indeed she was : Lover's hearts might cry, alas! Buskined feet and bravely clad, Two white stags for steeds she had, In her hand a bow she bare A silver crescent graced her hair ;

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Every nymph that stood her round With a star of light was crown'd.

Oh, my love is young and sweet: In her all such beauties meet: Gems she needs not, for her eyes Stain the clearness in them lies; Might she come where I do sleep, Ere the prying morn doth peep, Kiss me lovingly, so I Should dream of such felicity, And such lands of wonder strike, Earth can never show the like, And my soul such rapture take I might never wish to wake; Always sleeping in that bliss, Ravished with an endless kiss!

A MADRIGAL.

N a fair day, a merry sunshine day, I met a dainty nymph, so brave, so brave and gay. She spoke unto me, smiling, Words of rare beguiling, Breathing of the prime and Love's warm leisure : Let us forth amongst the fields to make glad holiday, And crop bright Flora's treasure. The lusty season decks the vale With blossoms feeding every gale : True love is dearest pleasure ; No other joys may measure. Lie we here recounting his sweet tale, Whilst birds are chiming over Where leafy groves do cover, And rivulets replying, Make answer at their dying. Sing, Happy day : Care flies away With fa la la !

THE SHEPHERD'S WOOING.

A SHEPHERD sat beneath an oak, Oh, the happy wooing ! When as grave Cynthia did unyoke Her team and bright Apollo woke. This was Love's sweet doing.

And by his side beneath the tree, Oh, the happy wooing! Sat a maiden fair to see : Lips and eyes might well agree. This was Love's sweet doing.

When he told his tale, I wis,

Oh, the happy wooing ! Turning rosy through her bliss, She did not seorn the proffered kiss. This was Love's sweet doing.

So he took his crook, and she-

Oh, the happy wooing !--Promised soon his bride to be; Then, hand in hand with her, said he, This is Love's sweet doing.

THE QUARREL.

SOUND up the fife and tabor: Come join my song, good neighbour, With fa la la la.

Do you then strike the key, With a measured do, re, mi. Fa la la la la.

You sing amiss, good sooth, sir, 'Tis you, 'tis you in truth, sir, With your fa la la la la.

Nay, an' we quarrel thus, Our friends will say to us, Fie on your fa la la : Fie on your fa la la !

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AN INVITATION TO BANISH SADNESS.

HARK! the cowboy blows his horn : Hey ho, trolly lolly! Whilst birds do sing on every thorn, And banish melancholy.

The limpid brooks all laughing go; Hey ho, trolly lolly ! And balmy winds begin to blow, To banish melancholy.

The time doth challenge every care, Hey ho, trolly lolly ! To come and sport it in the air, And banish melancholy.

On sunny banks glad lovers sit, Hey ho, trolly lolly ! And twine the flowers to garlands fit, So banish melancholy.

The rustic lad doth set his mind, Hoy ho, trolly lolly ! To voice his joy on every wind And banish melancholy.

The bee is buried in his flower : Hey ho, trolly lolly ! Bright blossoms hang on every bower, To banish melancholy.

The nimble squirrel lightly hops : Hey ho, trolly lolly ! The rabbit leaps about the copse, To banish melancholy.

Rejoicing shepherds laugh and sing; Hey ho, trolly lolly ! And many a merry measure fling, To banish melancholy.

These country swains such pastimes use; Hey ho, trolly lolly ! That sorrow hath no time to choose: Thus banish melancholy.

THE PENSIVE SHEPHERD.

WHEN hot noon lay on the hill, And the feathered quire was still, I did light me on a nook, By a willow-shaded brook. Down I cast me on the bank Midst the rushes bristling rank. Round I heard gay voices ring, Rustic folk a-summering : But the merry sound they had Only made my heart more sad: For I thought on youth's decay, And that joy must fall away; Aud I saw how promise lies When it comes to touch, and flies: How the buds we hold to hand Wither ere their sweets expand, And what we did wish before, We may wish for evermore; For our cheating fancies win Only shrouds to wrap us in. Thus I did forswear me then, Thinking on the ways of men,

Sad with pity, strained with ruth, All the forecast of my youth; And this saw I did approve Fitly made for my behove: Fairest hopes that Time doth bring Flit upon the fleetest wing.

THE SHEPHERD'S HOLIDAY.

W HILST Time his glass is turning Let us leave off sad mourning; Sing we in care's despite To welcome glad delight!

Thus Age our sports ensuing, Shall find Youth's warm renewing; And frisk it to and fro As round the world we go.

For so the frolic season Doth bid rejoice with reason. Now to the tabor's beat Keep time with nimble feet.

Fal la la !

THE FESTIVAL.

W HEN foxgloves prank the fields about, And garth and grove are green,
And from the brook the leaping trout To take the fly is seen ;
When the milking-maid hath borne her pail Amongst the lowing eows,
And fleeey sheep, through hill and dale With tinkling bells do browse;
When caws the rook in the old elm-tree,
We shepherds dance and merry be.
So lusty lads and lasses gay

Make feast and jovial holiday : The world no wealth like this can give In which we happy rustics live :

With lover's toys,

And country joys,

We turn the hours, nor wish for more Than health and calm contentment's store. Your land and gold we weigh not a pin,

As we sing away care with hey down derry : For love is a pretty thing to win :

So nymphs and swains be merry.

THE LITTLE BIRD'S SONG.

MY father was a redbreast, my mother was an owl;

And I will sing a pretty song if you will fill the bowl.

Gaily Johnny goldfinch, bobbing on a thistle,

Hops and dances blithely to the blackbird's merry whistle:

Fink fink, the chaffinch says; chu chu, the nightingale; And many a merry bird beside doth tell his happy tale; Tiny Tommy titmouse, chittafa, says he,

The careless cuckoo shouting as he slides from tree to tree;

Dapper little whinchat flitting o'er the hay, Utick-tick-tick, he doth cry all a summer's day: Hark, the yellow-hammer his mournful note prolong, Teru teru teroo, he wails with sorrow in his song: Caw, cries the robber rook as he flaps across the corn: Crake crake, the landrail shrieks in the grass at night

and morn:

Jove's bird, the little wren, doth tune his tender throat : Cheep cheep, the silly sparrow hath but a single note. So here is health and wealth to all, for now I go away ; If you will hear my song again I'll come another day.

TO A SINGING THRUSH.

HILST through pride of false renown Blustering man struts up and down, And with thoughts of state grows big, Thou dost perch upon thy twig, And the joyful season greet With a note so very sweet That the woods and streams rejoice Ravished by thy mellow voice : Such a music in it lies Drawn through rarest melodies.

Happy he who loves to listen When the dews about him glisten, To the gurgling from the brake That blithe heart of thine doth make, Striking those deep chords that lie Bound in the soul of harmony— Rapturous breathings softly blown, Circling the high-lifted throne, Where great Jove doth hush his thunder, Sitting in a silent wonder !

I would have, if that the having Were but fruited in the craving,

And the warbling of thy bill Such a grosser mean might fill, A lute of amber, golden strings, Thus to ehime thy carollings; All thy sweetnesses rehearse, Melt thy music in my verse, And those happy thoughts make clear Wherewith birds delighted are.

I would tell of twilight woods, And those sylvan solitudes Muffled from the noonday beam, Where the lazy lilied stream Kisses, on its tangled banks, Blue forget-me-nots in ranks, And the meadow-sweet breathes out Almond odours round about : Sometimes from the distant meads, Shepherds piping on their reeds.

I would speak of Summer laid Underneath some clm-tree's shade, Fields and woods around him lying, Fleecy clouds above him flying, When his song is lightly borne Over fields of waving corn;

Sun and shadow on the copse Playing with the loose-strife tops: Not a wild rose blossoming Dares but dance when he doth sing.

I would follow thee to where Garden odours fill the air ; Poplars rising straight and tall ; Apples ripening o'er the wall : Flutter with the butterflies, Pick the ripest strawberries, At the grottoed fountain sip, Where long fronds of hart's-tongue dip, Then the rural feast repay With my longest loudest lay.

With thee I would hold my course To the river's lonely source, Where a barren valley wide Slopes its rocks on either side, Splintered ash and pine-tree dun Basking in the glaring sun, Whilst the shepherd lad doth keep Watch amongst the scattered sheep; Only one white cloud and still Sleeping on the topmost hill.

If this may not wholly be, Yet, sweet bird, I'll sing with thee Such a song the brooklet near And the wind shall pause to hear : All our joys in yonder dell Each to other we will tell ; Thus to make a dainty verse Carping wits may not asperse ; With such pauses as may feather Loftier flights of song together.

THE SHEPHERD INVOKES THE WOODLAND BIRD TO TELL H1M OF HIS MISTRESS.

DAINTY sweet bird that sittest on a spray Singing in gallant strain the livelong day, Hast thou not seen a maiden passing fair Go by this way to take the morning air? Her step was light as is the thistle-down By toying zephyrs o'er the meadows blown; Her hands a silken whiteness showed to view, Like maps of Paradise enamelled blue With veined rivers : he who kiss them might Would count himself to reach joy's topmost height. Within the garden of her face were set The rose, the lily, and the violet, Therein did beauty wage a smiling war Through budding lips of curious cinnabar; And as for all her tresses orient gold, My languid art must leave their wealth untold; Nor fed with inward glory, may my breath Make air of any slightest word she saith .--Oh tell me, lusty bird, if thou hast seen This beauteous goddess that I call my queen; So may these woods be echo to thy song Through many a mirthful summer bright and long !

THE SHEPHERD PRAYS HIS MISTRESS TO SPEAK HER AFFECTION.

NAY but thine eye doth tell me what Thy cruel lips forswore : Though Love doth bid dissemble not, False shame will lie the more.

Command these sullen fears depart : Why shouldst thou do this wrong, To let the love that burns thy heart Freeze on thy silent tongue?

The modesty thy soul would hold Shall not affect thee less Because thy lips shall grow more bold Thy passion to confess.

Nor shall I those high laws reject Thy niceness writes for thee, But to thy virtue's fair respect More willing servant be.

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LOVE'S ALCHEMY.

WHEN Spring first thought to prank the bowers And make the fields her own, Lucilla brought me pale wind-flowers That in the woods had grown.

So ravished of her golden touch, And taken by her breath, The woodland zephyrs have not such When morning wakeneth.

She gave them, and a dewy tear Upon my hand did lie, Which changed to pearl, and this I wear For jewel till I die.

CUPID'S THEFT.

MY rose grew crimson in the bower, My fruit hung on the tree, When thou didst come in evil hour, And pluck them all from me.

But think not that thou shalt escape : In troth I swear to thee, For this thy most unconscioned rape, Thy pinions clipt shall be.

THE SHEPHERD'S SCORN OF LOVE.

NAY, Love, I scorn and flout thee : Look, I can do without thee ; Nor will the pains discover Of such a foolish lover Who knows not that thy dart Is but a pricking smart For laughter ; not for tears ; And such a lightness wears, The wise man well beseemeth Who peaceful hours esteemeth ; Nor lets his spirit down For thy fantastic frown : But to thy bow

Disdain doth throw, With, Ha, ha, ha! and Ho, ho, ho! Such sport was never known.

THE FERRY.

O^{NE} morn I rose right early to get me o'er the ferry, Whereas I met a fair maid as bonny as a cherry : Around the happy boat king Neptune's nymphs did play :

So Beauty doth embrave it and bear the palm away. No crown of gold and jewels that ever queen did wear With her uncrowned forehead for wonder might com-

pare.

With a heave aboy, boys, heave ho ! So merrily we go Whilst nimble winds the sails do kiss. What a brave world is this : No joy sweet lovers miss !

MAGNUS DEUS SAPPHO.

THE LIBYAN SAPPHO taught the birds To voice his name abroad, That all who heard their chanted words Might know him for a god.

But Livia such sweet grace doth own, That every earthly thing,To make her blest perfections known, Doth find a voice to sing.

So rocks and streams and woods and fields Are vocal with her name; Nor any cloud or beam but yields Some record of the same.

HERO.

QAD HERO sat beside the tower Where young Leander lay, His hair bedabbled with the shower Of ever-falling spray : She beat her breast, and, passion-moved, Cried to the cruel sea, Since thou hast drowned my heart's beloved, My weeping shall drown thee. Farewell, sweet peace, fond love doth die Upon this watery shore, And here my languid corpse shall lie To rise up nevermore: For when thy grief-grown waves do leap Their bounds, O cruel sea, And not a tear is left to weep, I'll drown myself in thee.

JOVE'S CHEAT.

WHEN JUNO crowned her brows with fire, And Jove from heaven came down, His godship, changed by base desire,

A cuckoo bird had grown : With tuneful voice he sweetly sang, While all the woodland round him rang, Cuckoo, cuckoo! a tender strain High Juno's heart might not disdain.

But as he fluttered to her breast,
Cuckoo, he cried in vain :
He might not there set up his nest ;
She drove him back again :
For when he would repose him there,
And make those lily beds his lair,
Peaw, peaw ! the peacock cried,
Whose many eyes the cheat descried.

But now fair Juno sits the queeu

In yonder heaven of light, Great Jove doth nurse a sullen spleen Her softness to requite.

Forbear, he cries, to hear the song Of that vile bird shall do thee wrong; And take the peacock to thy side, Whose many eyes shall be thy guide.

THE IDEAL.

FAIR-BROW'D NARCISSUS, bending where A crystal pool did smoothly lie, Saw in its bosom, pictured clear,

His soul's ideal to his eye; And gazing still, by fancy fed, With his own charms was ravished.

So I, in looking on thy face,
Do see in wondrous lines exprest,
Through emblem of thy perfect grace,
The bright ideal of my breast;
And love myself in loving thee,
Who art the noblest part of me.

CANZONET.

K ISS me, fair love, whose kiss fond lips delighteth : Where you do kiss no blistering sorrow biteth ; And kissing smile ; for in your sunlike smiling Is such a radiance of divine beguiling Doth make the earth a garden of fine blisses Perfumed with flowery odours of your kisses.

CAST AWAY CARE!

NOW is the day we love to see : Hark, the bells do ring us round; Come, nymphs and swains, and merry be, And lightly measure out your ground. The rebeck's strain Doth sound amain. If ye love Youth's sport to prove, Rural satyr, sylvan faun, Come and trip it o'er the lawn : Couple hands and swing about, Thus to grace our jovial rout: For that fair Apollo bids Shepherds leave their lambs and kids, Fearless any wolf shall dare This high day forsake his lair. Therefore sport it while ye may : Time doth bid all care away.

LOVE WILL FIND A WAY.

SUCH a merry time it was When gay Flora riched the grass, With her choicest buds and flowers Strewing all the hedgerow bowers, That no single spot was seen Where her footsteps had not been. There upon a sheltered stone, Phillis sat with Corydon. Bravest prince of swains was he, Fairest shepherdess was she. Corydon would steal a kiss, Which, he said, she could not miss. Phillis said it was a shame. Corydon, Love was to blame, For that he did only sip What Love offered to his lip; And that since she was so coy, He would give her back the toy. She said swains were saucy-bold. He said maids were made of gold. Thus at odds when Love had seen them Waste the hour, he stepped between them; Put her hand in his and said, Lovers quarrel thus to wed.

So he ended all their strife In the name of man and wife; And this saying taught that day, Love will always find a way.

STOP THIEF!

H^{AVE} you seen a lad go by Running this way? He had on
A feathered bonnet; and there shone
A magic lightning in his eye:
A bow he carried; on his back
A loaded quiver he did pack;
And in his hand a heart he bare,
Which from my bosom he did tear.
Sing hey, sing hey, with a heigho!
Love is an arrant thief I trow:
Fair blossoms shine on the tree in May:
This Love hath stolen my heart away.

For so it happened in this wise : He took me where a pool did lie, Whereas a youth sat fishing by, And bade me look into his eyes, And then by cunning he did creep Into my breast, where I did keep This treasure, and with furtive play Did filch the thing I seek away.

> Sing hey, sing hey, with a heigho! Love is a shameless thief I trow : Pale blossoms fall from the tree in May : Bold Love hath stolen my heart away.

LOVE'S DECEIT.

LOVE came to me one day and brought A rose plucked from the tree: I seized the flower, but little thought What bale therein might be.

Within its crimson heart I spied A canker-worm did feed; The thorns which branched from every side Did make my fingers bleed.

Then did I pray Love would restore The rose back to its tree; But he would take the flower no more, And only laughed at me.

THE INTERDICTION.

TOUCH not that hand more white than snow Of lilics in their prime, Whose odoured sweets fond youth did know

In backward tracts of time: . A subtle fire therein doth burn, Thy heedless heart to dust shall turn.

Forbear to kiss, though Love invite,

Those lips of ruby red, Whose pinks recall swift summer's flight, With perfume that has fled:

So ravishing their sweets do lie That in their sweetness thou shalt die.

A hand of flame, a poisoned kiss Shall do thee such despite, That where thou dost desire thy bliss Thou shalt discern a blight; And all the anguish thou shalt prove,

And bitter fruits of slighted love.

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THE VOW,

VOW to leave thee, Love, I said, Thy thrall no more I'll be. Come, Love replied, here lay thy head, And I will comfort thee.

There as I laid my weeping face (My heart with woe was sick) An arrow standing from the case Did sting me to the quick.

Oh, cruel Love, I cried, to payMy easy fondness so:Thou bidst me go when I would stay,And stay when I would go.

Thy treacherous lips no more I'll meet, By hope abusèd still; For they are poison when most sweet, And honey where they kill. THE SHEPHERD TO HIS MISTRESS WITH A LUTE.

G^O forth, sweet lute, to her I love; And when she strikes thee, softly wailing, Tell her of all the grief I prove,

And languished sorrows unavailing.

But if her touch should bolder grow, And passion seek a livelier token, Then break thy strings, that she may know How my sad heart for her is broken.

THE FORCE OF MUSIC.

S^{TRAIN} not those chords whose trembling flow Doth drown with frenzy my poor heart— Whose currents from such fountains grow,

Whence Love renews his languished smart : Too softly sad they fall and die, Emblem of Hope's last fading sigh.

But if thou wilt with music ease

My pains, translate my passion's book ; And, more the melody to please,

Bestow the grace of one kind look; Then wrap my soul in harmony, And let me through its sweetness die.

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THE INCONSTANT.

THY smiles upon thy frowns do wait, Thy frowns upon thy smiles attend; Love bids me enter at the gate,

Then scorn my entrance doth forefend. O truly false and falsely true, What do I gain by loving you?

Thine eyes do give thy lips the lie,

Thy lips are liars to thine eyes; Thy stealing glance, now bold, now shy,

With fickle light doth fall and rise: Yet I must ask, whilst I pursue, What do I gain by loving you?

But constant in inconstancy,

Thy wayward ways in wanton dress From change to change do swiftly fly

Through varying shows of doubleness; That still I say, as still I rue, What do I gain by loving yon?

A little ribbon here displaced,

A lock disordered to the wind, And straightway thou with love art graced; And straightway I fresh sorrows find:

Yet though I sigh and sorely sue, What do I gain by loving you?

Thou hast a heart and thou hast none;

Thou hast a love, but not for me; And though I turn and would be gone,

Yet thou my heart wilt not let be; But holding me with fetters new, Make all my loss the loving you.

An ignis fatuus of the mire

That leads the traveller in the slime, The ashes of a wasted fire,

The cold inheritance of Time, The withered blooms last season blew: These do I gain by loving you.

A barren harvest reaped from tears Which in my bosom's depth were sown, The labour of outwearied years,

The hapless hope, the grievous groan, A clouded sky for cloudless blue: These I do gain by loving you.

A sickness more than any death,A death which kills me day by day,A woful weight of fleeting breathThat never yet will flit away,

A pain increase of pain doth woo: All these I gain by loving you.

When Time shall garner to the dust

This wasting frame, and bid resign The burden of long hope and trust

Which choke the life no longer mine, Then shall I only find my true And chiefest gain in loving you.

THE SHEPHERD COMPLAINS TO HIS MISTRESS WHEN SHE WILL FOREGO THEIR LOVE.

NAY, prithee, swear not, love, to break Those links so long have tied us; Nor, fools of Time, consent to make Our promises deride us: Such falsehood in those dreams of bliss, My soul cannot discover, As to forego the wonted kiss, And say, Sweet Love is over.

The glorious light from thee I took, Will not so soon be blinded, Nor faithful love torn from my book, Though thou be falsely minded : Grace cannot soon so graceless die, Nor love forget the lover, As thus to give our troth the lie, By one, Sweet Love is over.

But if thou wilt then have it so, Give back the sighs I gave thee, When thou didst join me vow to vow With whispers to enslave me;

And give me back the tears that I Have wept thy slights to cover, With those dear hopes that will not die, Or say, Sweet Love is over.

THE TRYST.

THE earth now doth present Her beauty to the moon; Sweet flowers give up their scent And singing brooks their tune, Sweetheart, sweetheart, Why come you not? So soon to part : True love forgot!

The church clock on the hill Doth chide your long delay; The nightingale is still Because you are away. Sweetheart, sweetheart, Why come you not? So soon we part : True love forgot! 73

THE LOST BIRD.

KEPT a Robin in a cage;
 Full fine of plume he was:
 His song could all my griefs assuage
 And make my cares to pass.

Always he tuned his merry throat : So sweetly he did sing, No sprightlier bird with rarer note Made ever thicket ring.

When at the time that April callsNew blossoms on to May,He, fluttering, burst his wicker walls,And swiftly flew away.

Fair maiden bearing garlands forth To shepherds on the green,Tell me if either south or north My Robin you have seen.—

I saw in passing by the gate That shuts the garden bowers,A Robin singing to his mate Amongst the leaves and flowers.—

Nay, stay one moment ere the throng Yon join, and pray declare, What said my Robin in his song Unto that happy fair.—

He said, he loved your bonny eye, And praised your lithesome grace; But that he liked his liberty More than your beauteous face.

He said, although you might not change A heart so warm and true, Yet his from sweet to sweet must range As bees in summer do.—

Then lead me to the grove where he In happier ease doth stir, And I will lie beneath the tree Where he doth sing to her :

And I will bathe the grass beneath With tears instead of dew,And sigh away my careful breath ;For Love shall die there too. A COMPLAINT OF THE FALSITY OF TIME.

TRUTH, where dost thou hold thy throne : In what region now unknown : Or hast thou for ever flown, That no more we may behold thee? Faith is falsed and trust is gone : Out, alas ! Love make thy moan For the lies feigned oaths have told thee.

Fie, bold roses blushing, fie !
For he on your bed did lie
Your languished graces now may die,
Pining pains shall now forego ye :
Lilies, roses, every one,
Pinks and pansies, all are gone ;
Love comes back no more to woo ye.

LOVE'S FUNERAL.

W ILL you come to Love's funeral? He lies dead in the street; Black mourners spreading forth his pall With saddest tears do greet. He knew a many songs; His soul was filled with joy; He died slain with a hundred wrongs That cruel hearts employ. O Love, sweet Love, We have loved thee long and true, And wilt thou leave us thus, Love, Without a last adieu?

He was worn with long wandering In sorrow up and down: His quiver backwards he did fling, And tramped through all the town. Fair maidens kissed and sighed Alack! when he went by, As to himself he softly cried, Then laid him down to die. O Love, sweet Love, Loved more than I can tell, And wilt thou leave us thus, Love, Nor bid us once farewell?

His lips they were very pale;His eyes had lost their fire;Hushed half untold his tender tale,The music of his lyre:Then as he lay forespent,Death came and whispered low,

The hour is past to thee was lent, And it is time to go.

> O Love, sweet Love, Beloved, but all in vain, And art thou gone, indeed, Love, To come no more again?

LIPS AND ROSES.

R ED roses of whose sweets were made The joys with Time foregone, Whose sharpened spines beneath them laid Did sting me to the bone, Can ye rebloom those hours again, Compact of happiness and pain ? No, darlings, no : Ye cannot so : Ye come and go in vain.

Empurpled lips besprent with dew, Cool morning's tender boon, Must those first kisses laid on you Consume away at noon? In vain I would call back again My languished hours of joy and pain; Ye whisper, no; That I but so Waste all my soul in vain.

CORYDON'S LAMENT.

BESIDE a brook last eve I heard with pity A rueful shepherd chant this doleful ditty.

Oh, sing with me a dirge,
And steep yourselves in woe,
And clothe you all in serge,
And sadly weeping go;
My love that was so sweet,
Hath left me quite alone;
No more on earth to meet.
Alack, poor Corydon !
I have lost my love, he said,
She is laid in her death-bed :
There is no hope for me, poor Corydon.

Her eyes were clear and bright

As stars in topmost sky; Love set therein his light,

That you might know them by. Her hair was all of gold,

Her face most fairly shone, Her form of finest mould

From Beauty's self was won.

I have lost my love, he said, She is laid in her death-bed : There is no hope for me, poor Corydon.

Her hand with gentle touch

My own would lightly twine, Soft as a dove ; none such Shall ever clasp with mine. She had an angel grace So rare to look upon, As surely now-a-days Such grace is never known. I have lost my love, he said, She is laid in her death-bed : There is no hope for me, poor Corydon.

Oh, careful day ! I weep

In vain from morn to eve, No tears my heart do steep My sorrow may relieve; Yet here, with many a groan, My wasting life shall fade, Until beside her own, My body shall be laid. I have lost my love, he said, She is laid in her death-bed : There is no help for me, poor Corydon.

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FUNERAL SONG.

B^{RING} not hither any black, Weeping symbols, let them be; Love so perfect doth not lack Gum or incense from the tree.

Sound not any dirge or knell, Set aside your grave despairs; Beauty once with her did dwell Now another beauty wears.

Cease your sighing; more for bliss Is the passage she doth prove: Death did kill her with a kiss, Not in anger, but in love.

Sweetest flowers hither bring, Culled from dewy valleys warm; Wrap her gently, softly sing: She is safe from ill and harm.

White her kerchiefed face; her eyes Closed in rest; she doth not stir: Like a fallen blossom lies All the mortal part of her. Touched to sober stillness now Face and form are filled with light : On her alabaster brow

Peace doth crown a last good-night.

Good night !

FOREWARNING.

THOUGH the expectant season pour All its blossoms in thy lap, Look not thou for fruit therefore : Fairest hope hath foulest hap.

Nothing in this world is sure : All men's ways are up and down : He doth reap who hath not sown : Wisdom folly must endure : Rain may rot the ripened corn ; Truth decline before the strong : Love may die for hate and scorn, Wary right for wily wrong. Though the expectant season pour All its blossoms in thy lap, Look not thou for fruit therefore : Fairest hope hath foulest hap.

Hues that in the rainbow shine Do but beacon other showers : Cankers grow in fairest flowers : Every rose puts forth a spine :

Think not that to-morrow shall Bring thee better than to-day; Whatso now doth thee befal Coming winds shall waft away. Though the expectant season pour All its blossoms in thy lap, Look not thou for fruit therefore : Fairest hope hath foulest hap.

Wealth when gained bath still a dearth : Grace by honour is befooled.
Wouldst thou rule ? then thou art ruled :
Count thy gold, it turns to earth :
Kisses are not worth a thought ; Less than nothing they must be :
Love itself is dearly bought
With a false felicity.
Though the expectant season pour All its blossoms in thy lap, Look not thou for fruit therefore : Fairest hope hath foulest hap.

Thus the hollow world doth cheat All its votaries one by one : Each doth seek to hold his own ; Fraud with falsehood to compete : 85

Promises are made of air : Friendship is a gilded face : Smiles but hide a heart of care ; Sweetest simpers sour grimace. Though the expectant season pour All its blossoms in thy lap, Look not thou for fruit therefore : Fairest hope hath foulest hap.

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LOVE'S STRATAGEM.

LOVE leading by, one stormy day, Pale Sorrow, wet and worn, Implored that he with me might stay Until the morrow morn.

And so I took him weeping home,And soothed his throbbing pain;And then I begged that Love would comeAnd take him back again.

But though I prayed with many a sigh And shook the doleful air, He would not deign to make reply, Or list to my despair.

And so from day to day I grieveAnd make perpetual moan;For Love hath given sad Sorrow leaveTo call my heart his own.

COUNSEL TO THE LOVER OF A LIGHT MISTRESS.

THOU hapless lover, born to kiss The shadow of a vacant bliss With bitter tears that still do flow, If thou wouldst wearying sorrow miss, Bid Love farewell, and let him go.

There is no worth in womankind To leave thy wealth of peace behind ;

For though her beauties thou may'st know, Yet who shall all her failings find? Then give good-bye, and let her go.

If thou with prayers and tears wilt try To gain her graces presently,

Think not to reach those favours so; For she will lightly pass them by:

Then bid farewell, and let her go.

What thou dost wish she will refuse, What thou wilt not that will she choose ;

She smiles when as thy tears do flow ; Thy love and faith she will abuse :

Then bid good-bye, and let her go. '

Think not because her cruelty Is subtly hid from every eye,

Her heart doth any pity know, Whose very sweetness is a lie; But say good-bye, and let her go.

Though she her favours freely fling It is not for remembering; For she will flout both high and low,

And of their woes will gaily sing; So give good-bye, and let her go.

Trust not her eyes, although they look Into thy soul as in a book:

Their light is but a lamp to show The bait upon the biting hook;

But give good-bye, and let her go.

What though Love's wing do lightly stir At every sugared breath of her,

And when she speaks he bend his bow, Hold not her wiles thy lawgiver;

But bid good-bye, and let her go.

Should she with smiles and tears together, Protest to love through every weather

Whilst stars are bright and winds do blow, Yet weigh not thou her words a feather; But say good-bye, and let her go.

Far better thou shouldst hold thee oneWhom Love denies, than mope and moanFor her whom Love can never know :Then leave those icy sweets alone :Say once good-bye, and let her go.

Nor grieve thee if she break her faith ; Sworn and despisèd in a breath,

But count it gain to lose her so; And Love shall gladden at his death To say farewell and let her go.

LOVE'S REPAYING.

HO! Thyrsis, shepherd swain, in grief reclining Beneath the willows' shade with vain regarding, Tear off the cypress wreath thy brows entwining, For now thy bitter love hath sweet rewarding. Hark! how the mellow throstle so doth chaunt it,

Whilst Flora on the emblazoned fields doth flaunt it :

For love doth come and go,

As all wise lovers know;

And he who lacks to-day to-morrow shall not want it.

Thus Daphne sang to Thyrsis, well relenting Of long disdain; with most divine accenting Bidding the shepherdesses bring her flowers, That she might wed with him amongst the bowers; And so, all scorn dismissing,

Did end his sorrows with her sweetest kissing.

CUPID'S TREACHERY.

CUPID lay tumbling in a rose, When Celia caught him, Filled with soft warmth a sweet repose Had gently brought him: Then did she lay her bosom bare, And lightly bid him welcome there; For she had sought him.

So long he lay hushed on her heart, It were a wonder ;
Then did he draw a pointed dart So deep did wound her,
That by the wings she plucked the god, And quickly stript him,
And taking up a myrtle rod, She soundly whipt him
Until he cried for pity, then
She coaxed him into smiles again ;
With tender words she soothed his pain, And sweetly lipp'd him.

O Love, and has my Celia found for thee A heart of pity, yet hath none for me?

ALL THINGS TO MY LOVE AM I.

CAN laugh and I can cry: All things to my love am I.

Dost thou love, then I love too; Art thou cold, I will not woo: Wouldst thou sunlike smilings show, Then all frowns I will forego; Or if thou wilt frown awhile, I will banish every smile: If thy lips are turned to me, Then my kisses wait on thee; Or if thou say no to them, Then such toys I will contemn. I will laugh or I will cry:

All things to my love am I.

Art thou silent, and would rise On wings of high philosophies, Then my sober judgment broods With thee in those beatitudes; Or if thou dost laugh and talk, Amorous in the woodland walk, Still my heart with thine shall dance In love's delightful dalliance : 93

Or if thou wouldst carol it, My song with thine shall rarely fit. I will live or I will die : All things to my love am I.

Give me foul or give me fair, I will match thee to a hair : Give me foul or give me fine, Yet my mood shall equal thine : If thy lips shall breathe me, Yea, Bound to thee my faith shall stay ; Or if thou do say me, No, I will bid farewell and go, Ranging like a summer bee Where the sweets are still for me. Laugh or cry, or live or die : All things to my love am I.

THE SHEPHERD RIDICULES THE FALSE CHARMS OF A FLAUNTING BEAUTY.

MY lady's glance the world doth bless With love-diffusing light, When that she hath no waywardness And is not curst with spite.

Rich hair she hath and smoothly laid, In golden fillet bound ; And all her own ; for it was paid With yellow gold and round.

Her lips are red as winter haws: No wanton kiss may taint Their modest innocence, because Their hues are laid in paint.

Her hand is white if that it be Cased in a satin glove;And all the Graces go when she With gracious step doth move.

Her eyes within her mirrored glass Her own heart's love do take : Her blooming cheeks are rosy as Vermilion can make.

Her nose to scorn her cheeks would wear A ruddier glow than they, If that it did not mainly fear To melt in flames away.

Her arching brows are fixed in jet Stroked through a cunning dye: Love smiles to see her smilings set In teeth of ivory.

So by her Art the world we see Of every grace bereft, That beggared Nature groans to be Without a beauty left.

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WOOING AND WEDDING.

I LEANED upon a meadow's gate, And watched the waving grass, When spring with warmer suns doth mate, And into summer pass.

And there I saw two lovers go Along the spangled mead, Whereby a singing stream did flow Half hid in rush and reed.

They whispered words of sweet consent; Each held the other's hand: Love breathed the wind that round them went, And bloomed the flowery land.—

At autumntide I passed that way When they were man and wife; But all their toys and loving play Were turned to married strife.

The thrush sang vainly on the hill, The blackbird piped unheard : Yet, as they wrangled loudly, still She had the latest word. Then as those songsters frighted flew, This rhyme rang in my head : Fair maidens who are sweet to woo May yet be sour to wed.

THE STRIFE.

IN happy ease, down in a pleasant vale,
Where nibbling sheep bestrewed the neighbouring plain,
Beside a gurgling brook, whose undersong
Lulled all the woodland to a still repose,
Two shepherds sat, and played upon their pipes,
And sang by turns in friendly strife; and one
Would give an oaken cup with nymph and faun
And rustic revel carven, one a kid
New washed and white as snow on Ida's top,
To him who should be victor. On a staff
The old Menaleas leaned and smiled, his beard
Flowing in ample grey about his breast :
He umpire chosen. Thus the shepherds sang.

Thyrsis.

My mistress is so fair, I swear her face Might make a mirror for the eyes of morn.

Amyntas.

My mistress queens it with so royal grace, That royalty itself is left forlorn.

Thyrsis.

Such odours linger round Lucilla's cot,

Would rob the breath of any rose that blooms.

Amyntas.

Olympia's lilies every fair would blot, And blow a garden in the dust of tombs.

Thyrsis.

Lucilla smiles, and all the world is gay, And every bird doth praise her on the tree.

Amyntas.

Olympia's wiles chase every care away, And where she dwells is happiness to be.

Thyrsis.

Lucilla's beauty shines so eminent, The moon grows dim within the midnight sky.

Amyntas.

1 1

Olympia's glance so lights the firmament The sun is fain to hide, eclipsed thereby.

Thyrsis.

Rejoice, my flock, and frisk it o'er the lea: There is no joy like this the summer yields.

Amyntas.

Leap, little lambs, and show ye merry be, Whilst Flora sows her casket on the fields.

Thyrsis.

Run, rivers : fountains fall, and streams be glad: Now is the season of our prime delight.

Amyntas.

Blow wind and clash the leaves: no heart is sad Which these green hills do shut from worldly spite.

Thyrsis.

This is the crown of life, to sit and sing Amongst the meadows when the day is fair.

Amyntas.

Shout, jolly shepherd : hark, the blackbird sing His song to make us blithe and free from eare !

And then they ceased. But old Menaleas said Such proof is this, I know not which is best: So you shall give the cup, and you the kid; And both content shall lead their flocks to fold: For now fair Venus sets her star afront, And weary Apollo scarcely sits his wain For very heaviness; and only stays To say good-night and go: so let us go; And when cool hours have dewed our lids with sleep, Awake the morrow with as sweet a song.

CERES' TRIUMPH.

 FAIR Ceres now doth crown her reign:

 Set on sheaves of golden grain

 Enthronèd she.

 Reapers singing cheerily,

 Maidens springing merrily,

 Right gladsome be.

 Hark, the sprightly rebeck sound

 With scattered echoes round and round,

 Still ringing high and higher.

 Tripping, slipping o'er the ground

 Each shepherd maid now joys to see

 Her rustie dancing by her.

THE SONG OF THE PLOUGH.

A LL ye who love good cheer to prove, And hold ye to the toast, Through good and ill, with a gallant will, That mirth should rule the roast, With generous hearts now take your parts, As ever ye hope to wive, And join with me this song in glee, God make the plough to thrive!

Ere we were born, when wholesome corn Was hard to get and grind, Our sires that wrought, this maxim taught, For us to keep in mind : If you would gain from toil and pain, Or ever you sow and mow, Be up and away at break of day, And learn to follow the plough.

Here's ploughman John, a merrier one You will not readily find, As he follows the plough, his cares, I trow, Are left in the furrow behind.

He doth discern, and wisely learn, How lords at last must bow, And soon or late must meet their fate, As the stubble by the plough.

His purse is small, for his hands were all The wealth at birth he got;
But he has a house and a faithful spouse, With something to put in the pot:
And Heaven hath sent him sweet content, That he might teach us how
One happy may be as poor as he, As he whistles behind the plough.

Your bustling eit he counts no whit Of worthier metal made, Though he may be more rich than he Who follows the ploughman's trade : For though he bear more costly wear And equipage enow, He doth not stand so firm in land As he who follows the plough.

The king may groan upon his throne, The statesman care may take : When labour is done, we sleep with the sun, And with the sun awake.

Says gaffer, Arise! and gammer she crics, 'Tis milking-time I vow; And John must go, with Peter also, To follow the thrifty plough !

This pledge I vow, Success to the plough : With ribbons it shall be tied,
And Kenneth and Hugh, with Kate and Sue, Shall bravely dance beside :
And Joan and Ann, with Bess and Nan, Shall join and lightly go,
Each with her lad to make her glad, And sing, God speed the plough !

Now have ye grace, each in his place, Scorn not this song of mine : Abundant cheer, with home-brewed beer, Be every day to dine : And ye who love good hap to prove, Come carol my chorus now : A witch's ban light on the man Sings not, God speed the plough ! 105

THE DEATH OF SUMMER.

HARK! through the woods the wind doth wail: Fair Summer he is dead. Stick his couch with the poplar pale,

Ere all its plumes be shed; With withered leaves bestrew his pall— Those tears the mourning woods let fall.

Now let sweet robin softly sing, From a bare branch alone, His doleful song at evening,

When winds have eeased to moan. Summer is dead : alas! he lies Stretched on the ground with curtained eyes.

Sad rivers sobbing onward go,

Cold brooks their course do urge, Brimming their wasted banks with woe

To sing sweet Summer's dirge. Summer is dead : he lies, alas! Stretched out upon the meadow's grass.

WINTER.

Ye fields that were so green; Ye meadows strewed with flowers; Your lustre all so well beseen When summer crowned the bowers:

Your sweetness now is reft; Your rills hard frost doth seal: No more the wind, with gentle theft, Their music comes to steal.

The flocks in silent bands Stand on the banks forlorn, Whilst shivering shepherds blow their hands Beside the naked thorn.

No more glad children stray The lanes at even-time; Where merry feet did dance and play Is whitened o'er with rime.

The flowers that once did bloom To glad the rustic's toil, Long since have sought a sullen tomb Shut in the frozen soil.

Thus doth the summer pass With all its joys full soon, And gloomy night bedims, alas! Our day before its noon.

THE YULE-TIDE MESSAGE.

WHEN baffled travellers go astray, Perplexed upon the whitened heath, And cottage lights with feeble ray

Gleam faintly through the misty breath ; When worn-out daylight woos the dark, And fretful hounds are heard to bark, And, toiling through the heavy snow, The muffled waggoner doth go ; When lanes are choked, and woods are bowed, And streams are hushed in icy shroud, And whooping owls begin to sail, And threshers rest the weary flail, And dormice dream, and birds are fain To hide them from chill winter's pain ; When noisy school-boys slide the pond, And whispering lovers grow more fond, And logs are heaped upon the fire, And mirth and frolic glee conspire :

Why, then the time doth bring New joys and call to sing, Hark around, boys, hark around, With what a welcome sound Old Christmas-tide doth blow His bugles o'er the snow, And bid us all be merry,

With voices glad and cheery;

Singing, Heigh with a heigho! be merry, boys, be merry!

WELCOME TO CHRISTMAS.

OLD Christmas is come with fife and with drum, So let us forget the foul weather : Though his beard may be white, his warm heart shall requite All the cold as we trip it together. We will dance in a ring, we will laugh and will sing, To greet the blithe season and merry; Above us shall grow the green mistletoe, And holly shall bring his red berry. Here's Polly, Kate, Margery, Pheebe, and Bess, With Annot so slender and tall, And Cieely fair seen, of beauties the queen : So, lovers, come choose for the ball.

Now stir up the fire and let it burn higher, Of faggots and logs there are plenty; Set the candles aflame, for it is no shame This festival night to burn twenty. Let the tabors begin with musical din, And light feet be airily glaveing : Grave sorrow despairs to touch the grey hairs

That shake in this jovial dancing.

Come Polly, Kate, Margery, Phœbe, and Bess, Come Annot and lead out the ball : Sweet Ciccly for me my partner shall be, For so I will choose from them all.

Now let the dance thrive and mirth be alive;
And if lads, the coy lasses deceiving,
'Neath the brave mistletoe a kiss should bestow,
Why, let them not say it is thieving.
Love will not refuse such delicate dues,
Nor will he be scorned at the flouting;
So maidens despise to cloud your bright eyes,
And spoil your fair faces by pouting.
Hey, Polly, Kate, Margery, Phœbe, and Bess,
Hey, Annot so graceful and tall!
With Ciccly I go through the world high and low;
For she is the pride of them all.

Though ye hear the cock crow from over the snow,

Think not that the dawn is advancing;

He doth but rejoice at the cheerful noise,

Our holiday revels enhancing.

So have ye no care that morning should dare

To break off our sports in the middle: Should he show forth his head we will put him to bed To the sound of the fife and the fiddle. Dance Polly, Kate, Margery, Phœbe, and Bess, Dance Annot and frisk out the ball : Brave Cicely my belle shall foot it full well ; For she is the deftest of all.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

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Cast all your care aside and join the feast with reason : The shrilly pipe doth sound, each rustic beats the

ground

With many a leap and bound; such jolly hearts are found:

For merry Christmas comes but once a year.

All things do find a place to guard them from the weather,

Whilst we with ancient use do trip it all together: The weary beggar old doth shield him from the cold, The sheep are in the fold, the dormouse snugly roll'd:

For merry Christmas comes but once a year.

Money is a good if that we do spend it, Time doth bid us use, the whilst his grace doth lend it; Favour will decay, youth will soon away,

The wisest sage doth say, Be happy whilst you may :

For merry Christmas comes but once a year.

THE SHEPHERD RENOUNCES HIS YOUTHFUL FANCIES.

COME in, ye wandering powers, That all my life have been Like butterflies in April bowers When Time was fresh and green. Tamed by the course of years, Ye may not live to scorn The baptism of those common tears To which mankind was born.

Bring here your withered lies
Unto this funeral pyre,
Wherefrom new-fledgèd hopes may rise
Of loftier desire.
Let pride despise his throne,
And sit upon the ground :
Let selfishness forsake his own,
And to his friends abound.

Lay all your lusts aside : Your foolish whims decrease : To nobler purposes allied, Let wanton follies cease. 115

Let passion wait on calm :

Let youthful noise be still: And for the lover's song, the psalm Smooth up the fretted will.

Behold the heavenly feast
Upon God's table shine,
Whereat, by Reason's graces blest,
High Wisdom's children dine.
This is that place of love
Of which the sages tell;
This gilds those palaces above
Wherein the angels dwell.

MUTABILITY.

I MET with snowdrops growing in a cleft, Ere yet the snow had left Their chilly couch, and asked them of the reason, They did not bide a more congenial season. They told me they were only harbingers, Pluming their funeral hearse : For daffodils were waiting in their wake, And they must quickly perish for their sake.

Then I did turn to daffodils that stood Weeping beside a wood, And prayed them say, why so their bells did ring Such woful dirge of jaundiced sorrowing, When all the happy woods and fields were seen To don their summer's green : They told me that they mourned their swift decay, For roses soon should steal their gold away.

Then did I call on roses blushing red, With their own odours fed, Love's couch and cradle, and demanded why They let their loosened petals fall and lie Plaything of every wind that wantoned there With rough unmannered air : They said they were but painted heralds come

To lead in summer's last chrysanthemum.

So passing where chrysanthemums were set, With tears of evening wet,

I asked why those bright glories I might know But so short time ere that their light should go And leave the world bereft of every bloom, A dark and frozen tomb :

Then did they say, We fade to signify That all the goodly things of earth must die.

O soul, I cried, and shall thy season's flower But blow a single hour, Then fall as these do fall, and fade away; Thy hope crushed down to make a little clay? Then did my soul look up, and soon reply, The flower may drop and die, But my immortal fruit shall hang on me Though death should tear the blossom from the tree.

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THE EPITOME.

LITTLE ease, a little fame, A little breath of praise and blame, A glint of hope by time deceived, A cloud of falsenesses believed. A waft of joy, a world of care, A spark of bliss, a blank despair, A day of toil, a night of thought, A wisdom by deep suffering bought, A battle from whose labouring plain Resound the cries of woe and pain, A summer swift, a winter long, A faith abused by fraud and wrong, A subtle pang of pain in joy, A want in wealth, in gold alloy, A yearning for the better light Sent up through shades of darksome night : Lo, here the life we mortals have Between the cradle and the grave.

THE SHEPHERD WILL FOLLOW HIS BEST MISTRESS, VIRTUE, WHEREVER SHE MAY LEAD HIM.

> THOUGH thou fly me I will follow; Thou shalt not forsake me so: Think not I, by plain or hollow,

Ever will thy steps forego: I will be where thou art found; Faithful love shall track thy ground.

Hear it, hills and dales and fountains,

Love can blossom dusty graves; He can level mighty mountains,

Tame the storms and tie the waves; He can travel sea or land: Nothing may his force withstand.

Therefore think not to bereave me

Of this hope I hold as mine: Though for starry thrones thou leave me,

I will mount where thou dost shine, Enter thy desired sight, Drink the glory of thy light.

THE SHEPHERD UNDER THE FIGURE OF A FAIR MISTRESS PRAISES DIVINE PHILOSOPHY.

CHEPHERD swains whose pipes do please Charms of your fair mistresses: Sylvan, rustic, nymph and faun; You who nimbly trip the lawn, Your soft sports awhile forbear, Whilst I fill the ravished air With the praise of one I know, Fairest of all fairs below, Which I now set forth to tell; Though I know, and know full well. That no pipe of mortal touch, Howsoever sweet: nor such Music fell from Orpheus' strings, When he charmed all mortal things; Nor Apollo's trembling wire, Thrilled with fine electric fire: Nor the nightingale at night, Singing in her love's despite; Nor the wind that shakes the trees In embowered Hesperides; Nor low voice of Siren's tongue, When she to Ulysses sung;

No, nor anything at all, Her full sweetness may recall, Or her high perfections tell, Whom I do esteem so well.

Yet I will not do her wrong, Though I lose my name in song, To forego her praises, when Less are sung of other men. He who to the sun would fly, If he may not reach so high, Other ventures shall outgo Which do only aim more low-Though he partly waste his pain, Nor can master every grain, Who would grasp the fleeting sand, Something stays within his hand : So my verse, however weak Her unbounded grace to speak, Gives me safely to infer Somewhat may be sung of her.

If you know what 'tis to be Kissed by blossoms from the tree When warm June doth throw them down From the branch where they have grown,

Whilst the gurgling throstles sing Through the stems at evening, And a little breeze or so Lightly thro' the leaves doth go, You may partly tell, 'tis true, What a softened touch can do, Proving, whilst the cool dew slips, Honeyed taste of dryad lips; Yet from that to think you are Of her daintiness aware, Or therefore can understand Silken fall of her soft hand, Would but lead fair truth astray From the straightness of his way, Seeing that her gentle ways Are beyond the reach of praise.

Should ye tell me what delights Linger out on moonlit nights, When fond lovers wander where Sugared murmurs fill the air, And the stars that o'er them glisten Stoop their shining heads to listen, Grottoed brooks and bending trees Charged with their felicities; Or if you would bid me lean Where a river flows between 123

Sloping banks of velvet grass Whilst a snow-white swan doth pass Singing as he floats along With a flute-like undersong (Water-lilies round him blown) Till the wave doth suck him down : Or if you will tell me what Happy thoughts were those that brought Cupid to his Psyche's door When she dwelt on Love's own shore, Or what words were those he said As he kissed her golden head, And the world itself stood still Whispered love might breathe his fill :--These beside the joys I speak, Are but languid, faint and weak; Customs half foregone in using; Faded toys of Time's abusing; Shrivelled lilies; last year's leaves; Roses chill October grieves; Clouds of winters vanished; snow Filled the fields of long ago; Siekly pleasures overripe; Music of a broken pipe; Errant cheats for which we moan, Melted, faded, withered, gone.

But the feasts which she doth bring Ever from pure nectar's spring, In their wealth perpetual, Cannot ever cloy or pall, Filling with enlarged delights Those diviner appetites Which immortal souls do prove Yearning for celestial Love, Whose uplifted brows and eyes, Tenants of the topmost skies, Bring such glory to us down, Earth would seem to heaven have grown.

Vain it were to touch her worth, Setting her fair features forth ; Much less her least virtue show By the tying of a bow, Or her comeliness express In the folding of a dress, Since these scarcely symbolize Half the worth that in her lies; Yet I will not stay my verse From these poor delights of hers, Made more glorious to the sight By bright beams of inward light, Whose clear shafts of heavenly hues All those others interfuse. 125

She hath a form full lithe and trim, Seemly shape and perfect limb, Dainty lips a little red, As the rose on them had bled, Pouting from its thorny tree At the biting of a bee; Eyes so bright, that they do bring Sunny messages to spring; Hands so perfect in their making Reach a favour in the taking : So each well-proportioned grace Strives the other to outface, Baffled judgment doth protest That the latest seen is best. And confesses her to be Nature's last epitome. Might you but these wonders view By a little glimpse or two, You would say, and well you might, Whatsoever of delight Brought you once the name of bliss, Was but type and show of this: For all other joys that are, Howsoever good or fair, By her light must quickly own Touch of some defection.

And be fain to hie them hence, Stained by her clear excellence.

Though you use the stars at night To set forth the lovely sight, Or the flower that brings the day, When each bird begins his lay, To make good the joys that lie In the bounty of her eye, Yet you shall not know what grace Meets within her sweet-like face, Index of a soul so pure Hope doth fix and sorrow cure; No, nor yet from these be able To discern how comfortable Is the counsel she doth give To those souls with her do live, Raising them from earthly things To the noble rank of kings.

Many a time when I was young, Fields of blossoms I have sung; Hawthorn garlands perfuming Green hedgerows at touch of spring; Meadows filled with scented hay; Pleasures of a summer's day;

Nooks of hazel; banks of fern; Grassy ways that wind and turn ; Airy sweeps the swallow makes Skimming o'er smooth-bosomed lakes; Movements of the silvery swan Leda loved to look upon, Till his daring bolder grown, Fired her passion with his own ; Ancient woods whose twilight halls Echo with white waterfalls: Russet orchards fruited ripe: Mellow strains of shepherd's pipe; Breezy hollows starr'd with flowers; Country pastimes in the bowers; Maiden charms so very fair Might with goddesses compare :--Yet I now protest that these, In her absence fail to please, Nor my soul to rapture move, If she do withhold her love.

Shepherds in these mountains born, Take my song at earliest morn, When the stretchèd daylight lingers Longest for sweet summer singers: Chant it to the swelling hills; Chant it to the lapsing rills;

Chant it in those aisles of green Forest stems do show between ; Chant it to the flowers that close When the ruddy evening goes : So when as the stars do glisten, If thereto my lady listen, I shall not desire to wear Other laurels, or to share Honours more than she doth bring To my numbers whilst I sing, Or the fruit Alcides won In those gardens of the sun, Or the fleece of beaten gold Jason stole from Colchis old: For her love to me doth erown More than titled monarch's own, Who all worldly worth doth praise With the wonder of her ways.

Therefore, shepherds, celebrate This my Lady's lofty state, Till the tongues of men declare Never one was made so fair, Or so worthy to have been Honoured by the name of Queen. 129

THE LOVE OF THE HIGHEST.

IF I have ever loved in time before, Now I love more, And count all other former loves to bend But to this end, As many roads that lead to one wished place Where some high towered city lifts his face, And gazes at the sun, Undarkened by the clouds that round him run. Since I do all thy glories once behold, My soul is bold To leave the vestiges of sodden clay For open way, Winged by the flight of thy far-soaring soul That bids me touch thy heaven as topmost goal; Nor ever sigh or grieve For these unworthy baubles which I leave.

So teach me how, through many a faithful hour

To reach thy bower—

To mix my soul with thine, whilst thou dost prove Large wealth of love,

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Giving me patience and such strength to elimb, That I may smile from those pure heights sublime,

And keep me safe and clear From toys that bind men slaves of folly here.

RETIREMENT.

WITHIN these woodland walks and dells My sober mind contented dwells, Where nodding bells do gently close The drowsy day to soft repose, And lowing kine and bleating sheep With prattling brooks sweet concert keep, Whilst murmured breathings softly blent, Of winds beneath the firmament, Blow on the brow with such a bliss As though they brought an angel's kiss.

When in the morning of the skies The glorious sun makes haste to rise, My soul doth run on nimble feet His early messages to greet, And on the hillside meet him so As amorous swains their mistress do; Or where his chequered radiance flows Between the lattice of the boughs, From brightness of his beams I draw Clear light to read great Nature's law, And keep my solemn chapel there, Beyond the noisy ways of care,

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Nor harp, nor organ do I need My soul's religious flame to feed, Whilst larks, sweet heralds of the sun, Do up their skyward ladder run, And swiftly climb the heavenward stair Thro' the blue circuit of the air, With such a crowding note to note Of warbled sweetness from each throat As bears my praise on mounting wing Where shining choirs of angels sing, And rain soft showers of music down Great Orpheus' lute might sweetly drown.

Here I do make my still delight To mark the swallow's easy flight; Or lingering near the stream hard by, I watch the wanton dragon-fly, Or gadding water-insects play, With legs for oars to push their way, Whilst underneath the silvery tide The sportive fishes swiftly glide; From dandelion heads I blow The hours, and smile to see them go: I sip my golden liquor up From chalice of the buttercup, And on the rose's petals kiss The rosy lips I do not miss;

The daisy brightens to my eyes The lights that beauty most doth prize, Whilst honeysuckles deck their bloom My spacious chambers to perfume; My halls are hung with diaper, And bordered round with oak and fir ; The bending beech, the poplar high, Do picture forth my tapestry; Their purple robes the foxgloves bring, With shooting bays to crown me king : No softer carpet than the grass Whereon my royal feet do pass : Nor want of praisers shall there be, Whilst courtier birds on every tree With odes and idyls celebrate The happy freedom of our state.

Here I do plead with rooks and daws The justice of my sylvan cause; My merchant ventures here send forth Untrembling for the boisterous north; And in the spirit's better health Compose my glorious commonwealth; Amongst these mossy rocks and stones I marshal my battalions; And muster all my forces out, Ambitious discontents to rout;

Counting those laurels best to win Which make their victories within : My soldiers, poppies round me spread, Do range themselves in martial red; Tall loosestrifes bending in the vale Unroll my banner to the gale; My pursuivants and men at arms, The willows bristling by the farms; And for my lance, with pennon'd wand, The bulrush offers to my hand; My trumpeter the gallant thrush, Sounds out the onset from the bush; The woodpecker a-pecking comes With mimic beat of rolling drums; Then for the roar of guns I hear The cuckoo calling loud and clear; For cries of woe and sighs of pain, The chirping grasshopper's refrain. Thus armed by every element I storm the forts of discontent: Or fight upon the bloodless field Till rebel-born ambitions yield; Or in my mind entrench me well To keep my bastioned citadel From fierce attacks of fell desire For gold, and strife of passion's fire.

Here captain Will doth hold me sure, And make me dwell therein secure : Content the door doth lock and clamp, Whilst Cheerfulness doth light my lamp, And bid me oft, calm thoughts to feed, Unclasp Reflection's book to read.

From leafy pulpits I do reach More truth than schoolmen know to teach, And, writ in floral tomes, discern What bookish sages hardly learn. So fine the meditative act, It makes a thought become a fact ; Translates the language of the beech Into a tongue the mind can reach ; And through the oak's contorted bars, Inducts its progress to the stars ; Interprets, clearly understood, The brook amongst the underwood ; And in the river's mellow noise Rejoices with unfettered voice.

Thick limes across the emerald glade Spread forth their arms to make me shade, Whose wandering sweets outdo beneath The perfumed air that lovers breathe.

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To serve me at my wished commands, The bushes stretch their laden hands ; Green filberts plump their shells and fill Their husky cases to the frill: And blackberries distain their lips, Self-proffered from the bramble tips. The sable blackbird and the thrush Do hold their council in the bush; The chaffinch and the little wren Set by the windy ways of men, And where the gaping rocks are rent, Convene their secret parliament. So here, of harsher cares grown sick, I sit my woolsack politic, And think my country most doth gain When I the inward law maintain : For truest statesman sure is he Who with the whole world doth agree, Who seeks not either place or pelf, Nor wills to govern but himself, Who with the right of Right sufficed, Discards all other wealth unprized. And thus my happiness I find Within the compass of my mind; Forswearing all the good and ill That answer not unto my will;

Nor fix the motion of my soul In what lies out of my control, Whilst in a nobler sphere I lean To make my conscience pure and clean, And more than mortal form do hold The fitness of the spirit's mould.

No languid hours may here oppress The soul's industrious idleness, Whose lively forces still invent Some new distraction to present, And faithful energies protest That wholesome labour lives with rest. Thus when the sand of life is done That doth our petty hopes outrun, I fear not death, but hold in trust The faith of honourable dust ; Nor let my courage sink dismayed Because Time with my bones hath played, Whose steadfast purpose linked with fate Doth join Eternity its mate.

THE REST.

WHO hath no wish for rule, nor seeks for place, Or honour's grace; But wills to be the master of his ways, Despising praise; And though hot strife for gold rule all around, Yet, still contented, keeps his sober bound; This man a rest shall have Which those, though gaining their desire, shall crave.

When rich men point to fields and broad estates, He knows them baits
To care, and that for every crop is sown New cares are mown,
And troubles sickled with their autumn wheat :
So slippery is the tenure of the great; So short, so frail the zest
Of mortal pride and bravery at their best.

He firmly aims, within his constant mind, At truths behind The painted shows of Time's deceptive things, Nor envies kings; Ruling a realm within more vast and grand Than titled acres of prolific land :

His rich increase is more Than all the wealth of their ingarnered store.

Whilst others passion serve and fierce desire, His tempered fire
Doth gently warm, and not consume, or dim The sun in him,
But adds a richer fragrance to the rose,
And every morn fresh gladness doth disclose, Flooding this earthly being
With those great lights that fill an angel's seeing.
Him every breeze that blows with airy voice Doth bid rejoice,
And every star that drowsy evening shows, To sleep compose ;
Each bird that sings amongst the spreading trees
Is charged to him with heavenly messages, And blossoms breathe their smell

To scent the chambers where his soul doth dwell.

Stumble he may, but he can never fall,

Or be the thrall

Of error; for through humbleness and love, His ways do prove

How in the path of pure simplicity And singleness, the light of truth doth lie:

Himself he sets aside, In the great universal Law to bide.

And when at last he bids farewell to 'Time,

He spreads, sublime,

Broad wings of faith and hope, and floats secure

.To haven sure,

And anchors where blue seas are always calm, And every wind is fed with odoured balm;

For faith doth hold him still The steadfast pillar of his Maker's will.

SHEPHERD'S THRIFT.

HOLD no ventures on the land, I send no ships upon the sea; The winds that bear their wealth in hand,

May blow which way they list for me: My inward stores nor let me scant, Nor pine for dearth when others want.

Content doth wall ambition's will,

And tame the fury of those fires, Whose flames do strive to overfill

The level of my low desires : The fierce delirium of the great Doth never tempt my humble state.

No wind of praise my mind doth move,

No breath of blame my course may swerve ; Sufficient for my own behove,

Myself unto myself I serve : I have, I hold, I hope, I trust, Nor take my measure from the dust. My faith is firm : no coward fears

Do shake the triumph of my soul, Swept on the wings of circling spheres

That round the vast empyrean roll, Content, when Time my pulse hath stilled, A Destiny should be fulfilled.

Whilst laurelled victors conquering go,

And stretch their rule from land to land, Nor heed what vast mutations flow

To wrest the sceptre from their hand, Lord of myself, whate'er betide, I reign and rule the world beside.

No lark doth lift the brow of morn,

No eagle kiss the flaming sun, But straight my ravished soul is borne

Along the paths where they do run : Such high-topt glories I do find In airy regions of the mind.

I lean upon the orient bands
That bind the circuit of the day;
I feel the touch of angel hands
That lead me from the earth away;

I dwell on shores more rich with gold Than feigned Pactolus ever roll'd.

Herein my heart is bound and fixed,

Unto this law I most incline; The Power these elements hath mixed,

May bid recall them to the mine; But I shall rise when they decay, To empire of a mightier sway.

THE SHEPHERD'S GOOD NIGHT.

O^H, blessed Night, who dost from care assoil The careful soul, and bid revive again Those tender voices in the press and moil

Of travailed day concealed and hushed had lain, Thou bringest rest unto the poor man's toil,

And pourest balm upon the sick man's pain ; Thou takest all the world within thine arms, Soothing its troubled breathings by thy charms.

Wrapt in thy filmy stole of dusky grey, Thou hidest'us from grief and lean despair, And rolling all these earthly clouds away,

Dost ope the gate of that celestial stair Whereon white angels tread, whose brows display

Immortal garlands through their golden hair, Who bringing smiles and whispers soft and light, Watch by lone couches through the livelong night.

Touched by thy hand the crimson blushing rose,

Drawing its petaled curtains, falls asleep ; In wattled pens the folded flocks repose,

Whilst winds are hushed and moon and stars do peep;

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The new-made mother clasps her babe more close,

Dear babes more closely to their mothers creep; Such melting thoughts are born from thy soft kiss As steep sweet lovers in deep dreams of bliss.

Now bats and moths and owls begin to stir,

And swarthy night-elves trip it on the grass, And fairies, liveried in gossamer,

With twining hands and twinkling footsteps pass; Soft whispers fall from slumbering birch and fir;

Each rustic shepherd hies him to his lass; The weary hours are washed in silvery dews; Such grace thon dost through all the world diffuse.

Now doth sweet Philomel in loud complaint,

Make all the woodland chambers ring and thrill With the sad story which she first did paint

In woven lines, of cruel Tereus' ill, Then with her heavy passion sick and faint,

She leans against a thorn and fain would still Her anguished sorrows on the spine it wears; For this she finds less sharp than those she bears.

The seaman on the crystal-bosomed deep,

Trims his white sail and turns his prow tow'rds home,

Whereas his faithful spouse high watch doth keep

Beneath the azure of heav'n's spangled dome, Asking no boon of weary-lidded sleep

Until her much-expected lord shall come. Lo, yonder beacon from the window burn With steady light invites his swift return.

O golden star of happy Human Love
Lit by the splendid fires of Love Divine,
Though envious clouds day's sunshine may remove,
No depth of cloud shall ever darken thine;
For thy supernal radiance high above

Lord of the Night, great King and God of Day,

Whom all men worship under several names,

Thou who dost all this wondrous world upstay,

Clothed in the tempest, crowned with shining flames, Whose power the raging winds and seas obey,

Whose hand the painted flower to beauty frames, Who holdest all thy creatures in thine eye, God of high grace, of might and majesty :

Let beams go forth of Thee as day and night

Bring in their round of toil and wholesome rest,

And in the glory of a better light,

Men's hearts be fed and nourished on the best, Enlarge thy people with the broader sight

To see that all the world by Thee is blest, And Death and Life are but the ministers Of those vast ends thy wider purpose stirs.

For what is man : what are we but the leaves

That hang upon thy wide-dispreading tree, Whose veined branching world with world enweaves,

And makes the universe a part of Thee?

What though we fall: what though these Time-fed sheaves

To nobler purpose destined, garnered be ! Enough that Thou the Lord remain the same, Though we, thy creatures, change each day our name.

We change and fly as mist before the sun;

Our life a fleeting day-time doth present; We love and hate, and then our glass is run,

And all the talents gone which Thou hast lent; Our term decay: our course is searce begun

Ere we do find our portioned measure spent. Be Thou our anchor, and our haven be, Whose sober trust and hope are staid on Thee.

Bring down thy heavens in glory to the earth, Or let the earth ascend to where Thou art; Awake within us those pure springs whose birth

First found a flowing in the Master's heart; Let clasping hands and trust and honest worth

Bind every human creature each a part Of one united being growing still From good to good into thy Perfect Will.

THE END.

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